THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS: DEVOTED TO GENERAL NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XXVII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1846. WHOLE NO. 1289.

Original Poetry.

DEATH OF ADOLPH.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY S. EDWARDINE EVANS.

The dark night at the Pantheon close o'er a fated scene,
Where blood, and chivalrous deed, strike on the ear with wondrous force;
Can all the thunder-tongue energy, the young, the gay, the fair,
Resplendent in their court-dress with those of heavy hue?
They talk not at the green leaves fall, o'er Autumn days and spring,
Nor of the flowers, and showers, and drops lost, or the shining evening breeze!
No warmth upon their cheeks remain, no eye shows the spark of soul,
But the heart's cords fail to respond, and the fresh rose is pale.
Where tossing on a feverish couch; bright eyes grieve through the gloom;
They could not sleep for that dear one, that made the night seem brighter,
And a flying wolf is freely poured, to the serious eye of Night.
"Alone! Alone! Oh, God, alone! Alone forever!"
No gentle friend, no loving tone to cheer death's dreary hour!
What! could I have left alone then? Oh, madness!
Could I have left alone?
Low in the cold and silent dust, with the plague spot on thy brow!
Ah! now my heart grows still indeed! welcome, ye flowers of death,
To mock me in your quiet look, I gladly yield my breath!
Up! for the weeping weary son, o'er a shrouded world of pain,
Only his sorrow for the accident are, who calmly slept below!

Philadelphia, April 1st, 1846.

Original Tales.

STRANGE RETRIBUTION.
A Story of the Steerage.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MAYNE REID.

Our Bigate had just got under weigh, and was beginning to throw up the cloy like waters of the Mediterranean, when I found myself one day leaning against the bow, forward on the starboard quarter, and gazing upon one of the Atlantian outcasts—one of those unfortunate beings, who, by their villainies, have rendered palling and fear the battery, and effectually with the intention of terrifying the weak.

One of the figures in the boat was standing erect, with a wild and peculiar attitude, and was addressing such demonstrations as led to the belief that he had something of the utmost importance to communicate. The others appeared to be either asleep, or stupified, or dead, to bring his complaint about.

Supposing, from the singular conduct of the former, that he was the delight of the latter, and that some important information, the order was passed to "lay the Bigate too and take him aboard."

The order was obeyed, and presently a rope was thrown over, and in a few moments the sheer just appeared of "LOP LOP" upon the bow, and I could speak with the captain. As he stepped over the gangway, a midshipman, named Rawlings, was standing a few feet shell the same word.

The moment their eyes met, the expression of terror which had hitherto pervaded the countenance of the stranger instantly changed to one of bitter malignity, and with a single look of withering scorn, he passed over the cabin with his conductor. Rawlings was observed to cower before that glance, and instantly shook away toward the steerage.

These circumstances were observed, only by myself and one or two other officers who happened to be standing near the gangway. I had the satisfaction that the emotion the stranger was fairly on the side ladder, the same boat shoved off and was now moving for the battery, to I, along with others, remained on board. The captain of the Bigate had commenced his story to the first officer, and I was anxious to hear it.

I was standing on the lee side of the quarter deck, when the stranger approached Capt. C——, who ordered him to follow.

"What is your business?" demanded the captain.

The stranger respectfully uncovered his head, exhibiting the utmost politeness.

"Captain C——," said he, in a low voice, as if afraid of being overheard, "I am an honest but unfortunate man, and have been driven from my country and home that I may not be compelled to commit any more atrocities than I have committed on my own account. I am a native of Illinois. My name is Captain Rawlings, and I have been robbed of my property, and my life threatened by the Indians, and I am now going to the battery, where I am to be called to account for my conduct. Rawlings was observed to cower before that glance, and instantly shook away toward the steerage."

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Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1849.

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☞ Mr. Lewis Kinsey is our Agent for Petersburg, Va., in place of Mr. A. A. Bourdon, resigned. mch 31

SUBSCRIBERS IN ILLINOIS.

Mr. E. T. Jamieson, residing at Mr. C. W. Jones, Augusta, is on a collecting tour in Illinois, and will wait upon those of our subscribers in arrears. We hope they may be prepared for his call. Mr. Jennings will be accompanied by Mr. G. W. Bonner, who is also on regular duty for Mr. Jamieson, and will devote his time to the raising subscribers to the "Post." We ask for them a hearty welcome.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We acknowledge the receipt of two pieces from the "Latrobe Rake," both of which are excellent. His request shall be attended to.

The favor of "J. O. McC." is received, and will appear.

We have received an answer to one of our Enigmas from "A. C. Z." of Lancaster, Pa. We hope he will be a subscriber to our paper for twenty-five years. What consequence can fraud of such veracity suppress? We are proud of such subscribers; they are to be like the old grenadiers of the grand wars in Napoleon,—together we have seen a dreadful fight.

"The Choice" certainly has merit, but Black wrote it exceedingly difficult to read, and we think even as found, the author, would rather not see his poem in print, as then he could correct it. Is this an answer?

"Twilight" will be treated in due rotation.

"Flowers" favor is on file for insertion.

The favor by our friend, "S. W." have been received, and will appear soon. He must favor us shall read with pleasure when it arrives.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

We call the reader's particular attention to our paper of this week. The original story is exceedingly well told, and will be found to be of thrilling interest. The poetry is excellent, and we have been quite successful in entering for the public in this department the original contributions which fill this paper being more generally copied than those of any other of the weeklies. "She's Nobody," published in last week's paper, is already going the rounds of the country press. Where the credit is given to us, we do not object to this transfer of our capital and the use we employ, but where, as is often the case, our contemporaries forget to make the proper acknowledgment, we think we have a right to complain. We saw an innocent mention of this the other day in one of the large daily papers of this city, which professed to publish a story for the first time, when, in reality, the sketch had appeared some years since in this paper, had since been round the Atlantic, been translated into German, and been brought back again, and re-translated here into English. Wine, they say, grows better by a sea-voyage; but stories do not, and will not gain from this instance. Two translations have certainly not improved what little sentence it had!

In our next column several tragical affairs are recorded. It appears to us that lawlessness is on the increase in this country, and that a remedy for this is sorely demanded. Assassinations are more frequent than formerly, street rencontres have grown matters of daily occurrence, and quarrels are settled in a way that would seem to be viewed with far less horror than it was twenty or thirty years ago. How is this? Not in all sad. It would appear that these offences against law and good morals increase, instead of diminish. Crimes among educated men, such as forgeries, frauds, and defalcations of a public character, are also on the increase, and the present is apart from the past generation. There is something in the air, we think, that sets one loose, or tear, then formerly. Is it that the laws are not properly administered? Is it that the precepts of morality are not sufficiently inculcated in the young? These questions it becomes every true friend of his country carefully to consider; for after all, it is moral principle, rather than commerce, or manufactures, or general intelligence that makes both individuals and nations great and happy.

One of our contemporaries says that there are now in Washington or less than our news who are intriguing to the next Presidency. We think it will settle the whole difficulty of our indolent national legislators, and accounts for the contentment of the nation among our leading men. Six men intriguing for the Presidency! and, as a matter of course, getting their political career ended, which is found to be of

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Papers discontinued at the end of the current half year, unless ordered on, and then only at the option of the Publishers, unless so ordered.

Those who receive papers and do not order them, will please hand them back, or notify the Post Master that they do not wish them, or they will be held responsible for the postage.

Agents are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances, as otherwise it is difficult to keep accounts and papers square. They should always give names and time paid for, as much confusion arises from Post Office reports, and from as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

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JAMES PIERCE is our Travelling Agent in New Jersey.

HOW MONEY MAY BE PAID TO PUBLISHERS.

As some difficulties have arisen on the subject of the transmission of subscription moneys to publishers, under the operation of the Post Office laws, we think proper to give the following synopsis of the regulations under which moneys may be paid:

The Post Master where the money (not exceeding $5) is paid, will give a certificate of the fact, and a receipt to the person to whom the money is paid, for the sum deposited. This receipt must be sent to the Publisher, who should give a receipt to the Post Master where the money is payable.

The Post Master will inform the money is deposited, in time to report the amount paid to him, with the names of the persons, by whom paid, and the newspaper or magazine for the payment of which it is deposited, to the Post Master at the place where the money is to be paid.

The Post Master sending the receipt to the Publisher, is not authorized to open the letter, but will write on the letter containing the acknowledgment of the deposit of the money, to be sent to the Post Master at the place where the same is payable.

The following is a form of the receipt which may be addressed to the Publisher:

Post Office, Mobile, Fa., September 15, 1845.

We this day received from John Mobley, two dollars for subscription to the Philadelphia "Saturday Evening Post," from which I had charged myself on my account with the Department, and to the Post Master at the place of the publication, or the Post Master at the place where the same is payable.

(Signed) JAMES JORDAN, Post Master.

By the same mail an acknowledgment similar to the following, is to be sent to the Post Master of Philadelphia:

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(Signed) JAMES JORDAN, Post Master.

Subscribers not choosing to avail themselves of the intervention of the Post Office regulation, can remit directly by mail, at their own risk, in payment of subscription, to the Publishers direct.

Notices of New Works.

Journal of Researches into the Natural History and Geology of the Countries visited during the voyage of H. M. S. Beagle, round the world, under the command of Capt. Fitz Roy, R. N. By Charles Darwin, M. A., F. R. S. 2 vols. New York: Harper & Brothers. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart. London: 1845. This is a work admirably adapted for popular circulation and instruction. The author occupies such an English man-of-war in a voyage around the world, and after his return published a volume each history of the expedition, with which most of the readers of books are familiar. The present work is an abridgement of the five large volumes, which, while it contains the whole narrative of the voyage, gives a sketch of his observations on the New Zealand, Australia, and Tasmania, and executed the re port of the London edition with great neatness, and published it in the New Mercellany, at which is before Nos. 7, and XI.

The French Cook, a full and literal translation of "Le Petite Cuisinier Habile." 1 vol. New York: W. H. Graham, Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson. 1845. This is perhaps the best book on cookery which has been offered to the public, and will be found to be full and full directions for preparing the most celebrated and delicious popular dishes known. Any one who has not indeed necessary to know not only the old fashioned cookery, but the latest French improvements—a book like the one under notice will be an extensive acquisition to housekeeper indeed should be without it.

Cheap Music from Boston.—We have on our table, from E. Ferrett & Co., "American Ballads by American authors," comprising—"A place in the Mountains," Chorus, "O Where are the Lovely Home Is Now," "Ah Gentle Zephyr," "Oh House of my Childhood," "I Love the Merry Sunlight," and "The Gypsy Festival," all for twenty-five cents.

Sharpe's Sharpeare.—Nos. 75 and 76 of the beautifully illustrated work, have been sent us by Messrs. Lindsay & Blakiston and T. B. Peterson.

Fires.

A fire occurred in the cooper shop of Mr. W. R. Barr in Front street, Syracuse, in which over several hundred barrels were destroyed, on Tuesday night. The building was entirely destroyed by fire on Thursday night week, together with all its contents except one horse. Mr. Hiram Cummings, who occupied it as a livery stable, has taken to the Station House in Syracuse, but he is in a very poor

A charter election takes place in Cincinnati on the 7th inst. The whigs are all harmonious, and will support their candidates for Governor, Democrats, S. H. Mocke and Judge Taylor. This course promises well. This course promises well. All extremely uncertain.

Mercer county, in Ohio, has a population of 20,000. Mercer county, in Ohio, has a population of 20,000. Fulford, Ne. 1,

Graphic Ballad.

THE RACE.

[The following humorous ballad is by Robert Bremner, of England, who has engaged in the little business of training horses. It is founded on an incident in the career of Flanders during the nineteenth century, and describes the race of the young colt against time from Ghent to Aix with the news that saved the latter city. We do not know anywhere a purer feat in versification than the struggle of a mare.]

I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and He,
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all Three;
"Good speed!" cried the watch, as the gate-bolts undrew;
"Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through;
Behind shot the posts, the lights sunk to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

II.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace
Neck by neck, stride for stride, never changing our place;
I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

III.

'Twas moonset at starting; but while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear;
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see;
At Duffeld, 'twas morning as plain as could be;
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half-chime,
So Joris broke silence with, "Yet there is time!"

IV.

At Aerschot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,
To stare through the mist at us galloping past,
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze as some bluff river headland its spray.

V.

And his low head and neck, one can always see best look
For my mare, and the other pricked out on his track;
And one eye's black intelligence—ever that glance
O'er its wide edge at me, his own master, askance!
And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

VI.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, "They spur!
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her,
We'll remember at Aix"—for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering knees,
And each tail, and horrible breathe of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

VII.

So left were we galloping, Joris and I,
Past Loos and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a golden laugh,
Which our Low breathe turned into purple and chaff;
Till over by Dalhem a dome spire sprang white,
And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight!"

VIII.

"How they'll greet us!"—and all in a moment his roan
Rolled over, neck over, lay dead as a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the top,
And with circles of red for his eyes sockets' rim.

IX.

Then I cast loose my bolsters, each leather let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet name, my horse without peer;
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

X.

And all I remember is, friends flocking round
As I sate with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground,
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I passed down our line before answering a word,
Which the bargemen voted by common consent
Was no mere than his due who brought good news from Ghent.

A Touching Story.

THE ROSE BUD.

BY FANNY FORESTER.

[We copy the following sketch from Arthur's Magazine, partly on account of its beauty, partly because it is perhaps the last one from her pen which will grace the magazines. Henceforth her active and graceful style will be lost to our readers.]

"Poor Lily!" said, or rather sighed, Rachel Blair, as she laid her knitting on the small square table by which she was seated, and walked, for the twentieth time, to the window. She was followed, as she had been each time previous, by her young brother Arthur; and on a moment, they were joined by the great dog, which laid his cold nose on each her hand, and whined sympathetically, then looked up into her face, as though to assure her that he participated in her anxiety. After gazing, wistfully, for a moment, from the window, against which the chilling sleet was driving fiercely, Rachel turned to "a little tree loch that stood beside it, and began loosening the red shroud the roof, although it would be needless as the little sick resting against the rim of the jar, and precisely the right quantity of moisture, could make it.

"It will blow out by to-morrow," remarked Arthur, in a low, tomal tone, as though afraid of his own voice.

"I suppose it will," said his sister, and then she sighed again.

"It is just like Lily," said the boy.

"Poor Lily!"

"So pale and sweet."

And so fragile. Just like her.

The boy was evidently anxious to say a cheering word, but he only looked at Rachel and then at the dog, and then returning to his seat, leaned fondly into the fire.

Rachel and Arthur were the only children of good old farmer Bell; but there was another who was as a sister to them, and a daughter, a well beloved and affectionate daughter, to their parents. Lilian Moor was a dear little orphan cousin, who had been for six months only an inmate of her uncle's house, but, in that short space, she had woven herself so closely around their hearts, that cruel Lily's will was the law of the entire household. Lilian was a delicate blossom, indeed, never more fragile than the pale spring buds she loved so well, and she required the training of a careful hand the types of summer in the green fields, and beneath the shady trees, watched over and guarded by her kind cousin Rachel, and the careful Arthur and when autumn came she went away to the fairy city, to spend the winter months with a fashionable aunt, from whom she had learned that she should divide her life between her two guardians. Lilian's parting gift to her cousin was a beautiful rose-bush that she had brought with her to the farm house, and that seemed almost identified with herself.

"Take care of it," she said, "till I come back. Aunt Beatrice has promised that I shall spend the holidays here and you must have a rose to give me on New Year's morning.—do you hear, Rachel? A real rose, with its own sweet smell to it, and not a flower cut out of painted muslin."

Perhaps Lilian forgot her rose-bush, and thought no more of the gift she had asked: but it is certain that Rachel did. She had never cared for flowers before; for the heart is on a great measure the regulator of the taste: but the remembrance of the absent girl entered into everything, and from attention to it increased, until there mingled with it a deep tinge of superstition. She yielded if from even then and rain until it began to droop, and then she found her sweet cousin was in trouble, and wrote a letter of inquiry; but Lilian was a usual health, and even those usual words, "I am well," were simple, spiritually lovely girl, who had traversed the green wood, and been delighted with the song of the robin and below-bird, now told of the cruelty, rating dance and midnight scene, and seemed in the spirit of Rachel regret, and wondered if Lily would be ashamed of the old farm-house, and her country cousins, when summer came again, and then she blamed her heart for its distrust and for falsehood, and was vexed to find that she could be grieved at any thing which made Lily happy.

As winter approached, Rachel's treatment of the rose bush was more judicious, and it gradually improved, much to the delight of the whole family, a tiny leaf pressed out from the crimson heart of the green leaves. Oh! how watchfully did Rachel guard that bud! Arthur's eyes glistened with satisfaction as he looked upon it, and even old Cato, the house dog, seemed to understand that it was something quite unusual, for a dog by appearance.

At the holidays drew near, old farmer Blair began to make preparations for bringing home the favorite. His sleigh was newly painted, a string of bells and a new buffalo robe were purchased, and his good lady had duly prepared the double plum cushions and the woollens, before any one had dreamed of the possibility of a disappointment. Then came a letter saying that Lilian was ill—was only a slight cold, taken out on evening party, but it would probably detain her until after Christmas. A cloud, during that day and the morning one, rested on every thing at the farm-house, and at evening another letter came. Lilian was no better; indeed, she might be worse. She was feverish, and seemed quite light-headed. Aunt Beatrice was more than usually nervous, what to do with her, for the suggest continually to be taken to her dear child—her own child. The old man shed tears; (he had not wept when Lilian's mother died, although she was his own sister;) and the good dame's tears ran down, they said to be the child, for a better or more loving one never trod the earth. "Bring her back!" he said to his wife, as he buckled with your Rachel, at an new her parents united in the sleigh, on the Christmas morning that had long been the subject of anxiety, for anything she knows or cares, be hundreds of miles distant.

"Having exposed the ills of one region, she passes to another, then to a third (as the case may be, and so on until she has given the full, true and particular account of all the patients of several regions, and their various symptoms. This is what the doctor's call the diagnosis of the disease, (viz. the knowing of its nature and name,) which is followed by its prognosis, or exposition of its result; and last of all, comes the treatment. This is not about as tedious work as it looks at first; continuing upwards of two hundred tiny bottles, is set before her. These bottles are those used by the Homœopathic, each one labelled with the name of the medicine it contains, together with the number of globules or minute pills which is accounted for by the impenetrable fact, of which both Allen and her employer confess that through the mystic influence of the locks or hair by the intermingling of its (t o the patient's) magnetic fluid with his own, and by the virtue of the ounce, made the recipient of all the aches, pains, sensations—in short, of all the morbid symptoms of the sinners whose locks they represent, whether they